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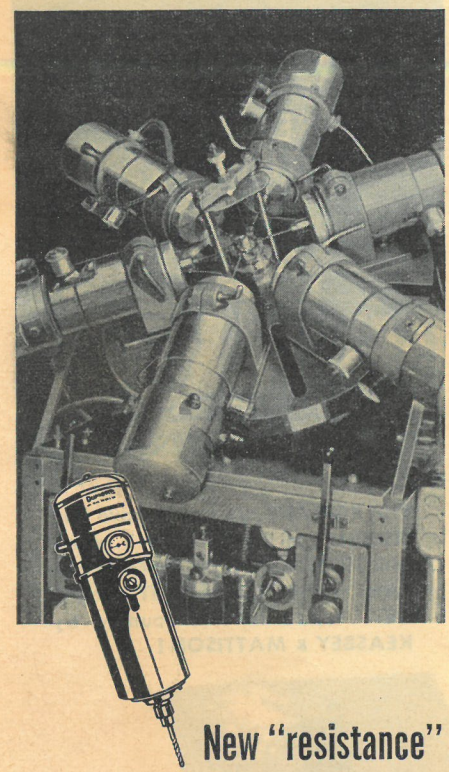

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# SCIENCE

## More Saucers

Time Mar 3/52

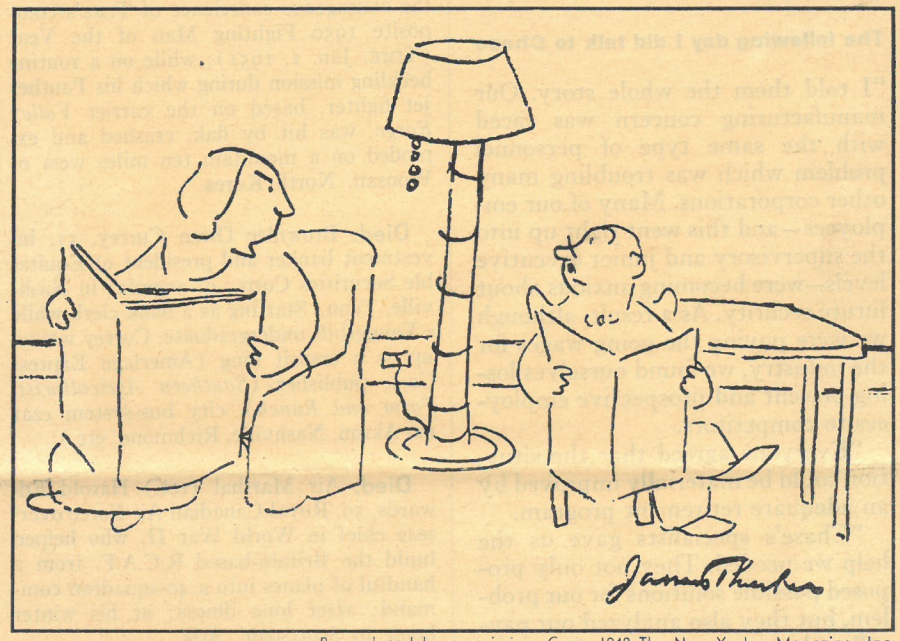
People who believe in flying saucers got encouragement last week from the skeptical U.S. Air Force. On Jan. 29, an Air Force spokesman said, strange things were seen in the night sky over North Korea. The tail gunner and fire-control man of a B-29 over Wonsan saw a disk-shaped object that seemed to fly with a revolving motion. It was orange in color, and around its rim were small, bluish flames. For five minutes it flew along with the bomber at 200 m.p.h. Then it disappeared.

On the same night, the tail gunner and fire-control man in a B-29 of another squadron saw much the same thing over Sunchon, 80 miles away. The flyers reported that the object looked globular rather than disk-shaped. It followed their plane for more than a minute. Then it vanished too.

The orange disks or globes may well have been the exhausts of Communist night fighters. Under some conditions, jet engines have luminous exhausts that glow orange and blue. The interesting point is that the Air Force, after investigating hundreds of flying-saucer stories and poohpoohing them all, has apparently decided to become less hostile toward mysteries in the sky.

**Latest Fashions.** The Air Force is not alone. In spite of firm squelching, flying saucer stories have not died. They have changed somewhat with time; the first ones reported, sighted near Mt. Rainier in 1947, were round and shiny, and they flew in daylight with no unusual maneuvers. The saucer-conscious public duly reported many more like them. Then the fashion changed when two airline pilots told about seeing, near Montgomery, Ala. one night, an enormous, wingless, cigar-shaped craft with glowing portholes.

The cycle of flying-saucer romance had another revolution in 1950, when Hollywood columnist Frank Scully produced a book called *Behind the Flying Saucers.* The saucers, he wrote, are space ships from a foreign planet. They are manned by extraterrestrial midgets who are almost exactly like miniature humans except that they have no beards, only fuzz, and no cavities in their teeth. Their ships fly on magnetic lines of force, and are built of metal harder than diamond which stands up to temperatures that would wilt any earthly substance. Three of them crashed, said Scully, in the U.S. Southwest, and were impounded by the secretive Air Force, the villain of Scully's book. (The Air Force denied everything.)



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"WHAT DID THOSE FLYING SAUCERS TURN OUT TO BE, GEORGE?"

**Green Fireballs.** The latest turn of the saucer cycle began last year when Professor Lincoln LaPaz, a reputable meteor expert of the University of New Mexico, announced that there was something very odd indeed about a series of eight bright green fireballs seen over the Southwest during a 13-day period. Meteors are seldom green, said LaPaz, and big ones seldom pass in close sequence over the same place. He suggested that the green meteors might be man-launched missiles.

Since the LaPaz pronouncement, many reported saucers have been brightly luminous. They have been seen all over: in New York, Virginia and especially in the Southwest. Both New Mexico and California had a rash of reports last week.

Most of the reports are certainly imaginary; many of the "sighters" are newspaper delivery boys, excitable old ladies and other people with no technical training. But a considerable number of technical men have sighted, or believed they have sighted, mysterious flying objects. In New Mexico, the rocket experts of White Sands Proving Ground and Hollo-

Johnny Johnston, star of the Broadway play, "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"

# Actors' faces are extra-sensitive

**But Johnny Johnston knows that this wonderful shaving cream helps him shave comfortably, have soft, youthful-looking skin.**

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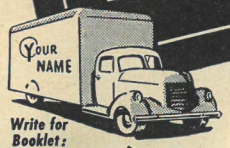


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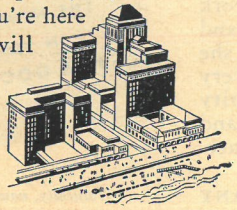

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The Directors of Chrysler Corporation have declared a dividend of one dollar and fifty cents ($1.50) per share on the outstanding common stock, payable March 12, 1952 to stockholders of record at the close of business February 25, 1952.

B. E. HUTCHINSON

*Chairman, Finance Committee*


man Air Force Base are interested—and baffled.

Baffled too are many of the aerodynamic experts who work for the great aircraft manufacturers of Southern California. Some of them, led by Ed Sullivan, a technical writer for North American Aviation, Inc., builders of the Sabrejet, have formed an organization called the Civilian Saucer Investigation to give proper scientific analysis to the swarming rumors. The organization maintains a post-office box (Box 1971, Main Post Office, Los Angeles 53), and invites all "sighters" to report accurately everything odd they see in the sky.

Sullivan, a sighter himself (30 luminous, zigzagging objects over the Los Angeles area), apparently believes that the saucers are space ships from some other planet. He does not think they are either U.S. or Russian super-aircraft.

Most impressive believer is Dr. Walther Riedel, a scar-faced German rocket expert who was chief designer at the Peenemünde V-2 center and now works for North American Aviation, Inc. Riedel has seen nothing strange himself, but for years he has kept records of sightings all over the world. He is convinced that there are strange craft in the sky, and that they come from outer space.

**Advanced Planet.** The saucers cannot be of terrestrial origin, Riedel reasons, because: 1) their skin temperatures must be too high for any material known on earth; 2) they perform maneuvers that require a pilot, but which would kill any human pilot; 3) their propulsive systems leave no trails at high altitude, as all systems known on earth do. Therefore, thinks Riedel, the things must come from a planet where air and space technology is more advanced than on earth.

Skeptics—and there are still a few, even in Southern California—ask the following questions:

1) Why have none of the space ships crashed on earth and been found?

2) Why are there no firm reports of saucer-sightings by radar, which would give a flying object's speed and distance?

3) How can a conspicuous flying object pass over metropolitan Los Angeles (pop. 4,000,000) and be seen by only two or three people?

Until such questions are answered, the flying-saucer problem will continue to fascinate psychologists as well as physicists.

## A Touch of Heterosis

When a movie star is billed as having "it" or "oomph," what she probably has is heterosis (hybrid vigor). At least, that is what Geneticist George D. Snell says. In the current *Quarterly Review of Biology*, Snell assembles evidence to show that superior qualities in humans, including physical attractiveness, are often due to heterosis, resulting from the crossing of two strains.

Dr. Snell describes heterosis in the case of swine (Hampshires crossed with Duroc Jerseys produced superior pigs). Since he cannot repeat the same experiment with people, he sifts a great mass of records to

# THE MYSTERY OF THE Crawling Fireballs

Feb-Mar 1957

*By Henry S. Galus*

ARE flying saucers real?" This question has ignited controversy in every neighborhood in the United States, bringing comments and analyses from ditch-diggers to generals to meteorological experts. The scientifically minded search back into the records, looking for authority to bolster their beliefs. In this search some may stumble upon stories of "crawling fireballs" which fascinated and terrorized Europeans at various intervals for at least 150 years — up to the early 1900's. This mystery of the "crawling fireballs" was then as much a topic of everyday wonder and discussion as the flying saucers are today.

Most of the awesome incidents occurred in France. In Marseilles, during October, 1898, an adolescent girl was seated at a table when suddenly a spherical shape of fire darted into the room, paused in the corner farthest from her and gradually moved toward her along the floor. Terror stricken she drew

back against the wall. The fireball followed her, starting to ascend close to her body. Then abruptly it changed its course, circled about her several times and shot toward the ceiling. It flung itself at a paper-covered stove-pipe hole, cleanly burning a ring in it on its way up the chimney. Minutes later a loud crash shattered the chimney top.

A similar occurrence was reported in Paris on July 5, 1852, in the shop of a tailor on the Rue Saint Jacques, near Val de Grace. This time the fireball crawled over the window sill into the room and came at the man in a floor-skimming action. Horrified, he retreated as the globe of blazing light climbed to the height of his face. It was too much for him. The tailor collapsed. A little later he revived to hear a tremendous explosion atop the shop, which scattered bits of chimney brick over surrounding rooftops. Proof that the fireball had fled up the chimney appeared again in the form of a burnt paper cover over the stove-pipe hole.

In one of a series of volumes published around 1898 by the *Association Francaise*, M. Wander, a scientist, wrote: "A violent storm has descended upon the commune of Beugnon. I happened to be passing through a farm in which two children of about 12 and 13 were playing. I saw these children take refuge from the rain under the roof of a stable, in which were 25 oxen. In the courtyard grew a poplar.

"Suddenly there appeared a globe of fire, the size of an apple, near the top of the poplar. We saw it descend branch by branch, and then down the trunk. It moved along the courtyard very slowly, picking its way, and came to the door where stood the children. One of them touched it. Immediately a terrible crash shook the entire farm to its foundations. The children were thrown back, uninjured — but 11 of the oxen were fell dead."

This is not the only story which tells of human life spared amid other destruction, and people came to believe that the mysterious spheres were *heavenly bodies capable of pity for man!* Of course, this idea was scoffed at by many others.

In the town of Gray, on July 7, 1886, a luminous ball from 30 to 40 centimeters in diameter jumped to the roof of a home and ripped off the corner. In this case, unlike so many others, the fireball didn't disintegrate after a single act of destruction. It rebounded to the home's outside stairs, crushing the slates. Still it retained its shape, crawled into the midst of a group of passers-by who had stopped to watch the queer sight. These persons, in a body, took off down the road. The perverse object seemed to pursue them momentarily; then it vanished without a sound.

Bishop Gregory of Tours, in his *La Gloire des Confesseurs*, told of a dedication ceremony before an oratory he had built. Priests, deacons and sub-deacons, town officials and citizens were witnesses to the phenomenon in this instance. They were stopped in their singing of litanies when a ball of brilliant fire appeared overhead. It remained suspended above them for a few minutes. "This globe of fire did no damage and burnt nothing," the report concluded.

According to the Abbe Spallanzani, on August 29, 1791, a young peasant woman was in the field during a storm when a previously unnoticed fireball reached her feet. It "caressed them," then rose up into her garments, blowing up her petticoats "like an umbrella." It issued again from the center of her bodice, darted upward and exploded in the air. Two witnesses ran to her. She complained of no pain. An examination showed a slight erosion of the skin, reaching from her right to her left breast.

The following incident appears in the *Memoirs of DuBellay:* "On March 3, 1557, Diane of France, illegitimate daughter of Henry II, then the Dauphin, married Francois de Montmorency. On the night of their wedding an oscillating flame came into their bedroom through the window, danced from corner to corner and finally to the nuptial bed, where it burnt Diane's hair and night attire. It did no other harm."

There's scant if any scientific substantiation that these fireballs really existed. But before we label these stories as fabricated in the mill of European superstition let us examine the story of a reliable American, M. Laurence Roth, director of the Blue Hill Observatory in 1903. He was visiting Paris on September 4 of that year. At 10 p.m. he happened to be looking toward the Eiffel Tower from the Rond-point of the Champs Elysees. The tower was suddenly struck by white lightning — simultaneously he spied a flaming sphere edging downward to the second platform. Roth claimed the ball was about a yard in diameter, and that it covered some 100 yards in a matter of seconds and then vanished completely.

Careful study of the subject of fireballs has led other learned men to conclude they must be some form of lightning not yet understood, for hadn't they usually appeared during storms? But Roth's story caused researchers to scratch their heads. Scientists already understood that lightning was atmospheric electricity, capable of being conducted safely to the ground by simple metal rods or metal structures. In the case of the Eiffel Tower, a next-day checkup by Roth revealed it had been struck two times by lightning which undoubtedly had been grounded

instantly. Why had the fireball independently refused the attraction of the steel in the tower?

This is not the only instance in which fireballs have ignored conductors. The spherical flames have skipped over bells, steeples and telegraph wires even when almost close enough to touch the objects.

Dr. W. J. Humphreys reported in 1936 that supposed fireball witnesses were "subject to optical illusions." He said the glare of light from a lightning flash was retained in the retina of the eye. When a person's eyeball moved, he would imagine the sphere moved before him, seemingly yards away. The scientific assumption is that the crash said to follow the gamboling of a fireball is "probably due to another lightning stroke nearby."

A few years earlier in Hamburg, Germany, another investigator, Walter Brand, decided to probe, carefully and objectively, 600 reports of what he called "ball lightning." He discarded many of the reports as hallucination — but 215 reports seemed to prove the reality of the phenomena.

Probably no other group today is doing more research on lightning than the General Electric Company in its observatory at Pittsfield, Mass. Engineer Julius H Hagenguth declares, "We have taken thousands of photographs of lightning and as yet have to obtain one of ball lightning." Based on his own experience Hagenguth has only skepticism for the existence of fireballs.

If they are real, are they electricity or some other undiscovered atmospheric phenomena? Do they occur in time cycles only? Is the same perhaps true of flying saucers? We are all capable of listing our own questions — plenty of them! One question might well be: can so many people have been wrong?

## LUCK OR FATE?

RECENTLY I filled two baskets full of discarded papers and set fire to them a few hundred feet from the office. That night I missed a valued memorandum essential in the formation of a forthcoming document. Immediately I concluded it had fallen amid the discards and had been destroyed.

Early the following morning a voice seemed to advise, "Go look around your bonfire." I did. And there, fully three feet removed from the edge of the completely burned area, lay my precious, unharmed memorandum. It was the sole survivor from among 400 or 500 miscellaneous sheets of paper.

Was it luck or fate? — *Roy Clyde Weidler*

**I could see a large shiny object resting on the water. . . . It looked like two saucers stuck together.**

# Steep Rock Flying Saucer

*Reprinted from the Steep Rock Echo*

*A flying saucer that lands on water, apparently is manned by robots, and that behaves mysteriously in other ways, is reported in one of the most remarkable accounts of strange aerial phenomena to come our way.*

*The following article consists of a letter published in the Steep Rock Echo, a house magazine of the enormous Steep Rock Iron Mines, Limited, of Steep Rock Lake, Ontario. It has been reprinted elsewhere, as far as we know, only in a few Canadian newspapers, including the Port Arthur News Chronicle and the Fort William Times-Journal.*

*The article was originally published in the September and October 1950 issues of the Steep Rock Echo, and is reprinted with the permission of B. J. Eyton, editor, who is also chief chemist of the big mining company. Mr. Eyton comments as follows:*

*"I cannot verify the story one way or the other. It was written by a senior employee of the mine. However, about that time flying saucers were seen by a number of people in this locality . . . Men in groups working in the mine at Steep Rock saw them at night, and many residents of the town of Atikokan gave eye-*

*witness accounts of the saucers. They were seen in different localities all the way from here to the Lakehead cities of Fort William and Port Arthur 140 miles away. One was flashed by Canadian National Railways station operators all along the line until it reached here. Then it turned back again. There was not the slightest doubt in the minds of eyewitnesses that what they had seen were flying saucers.*"

Dear Editor:

We have refrained from reporting this before, as people make so much fun of one who reports these things. However, all the ballyhoo about "flying saucers" has passed, and people perhaps have time to think more calmly. Attached is what my wife and I saw in the dusk of the evening of July 2, 1950.

"For the last couple of years my wife and I have done a lot of fishing on the flood waters, and this year was no exception. We invariably fish up into Sawbill Bay, and end up at a tiny cove, a very pretty place — for the flood waters. The location of this cove, in my opinion, plays an important part in our being able to see what we did.

"As you enter this cove off the main bay the land narrows, with great rock outcrops, till it is only a hundred yards or so wide. The rocks on the left or west side curve away after you enter into typical rough timber shoreline; the land on the right 'hooks' away so that immediately after entering the Bay and going a short distance you can keep going right, like turning into the curve of the letter 'C'. From the bottom end of the C the shore then sweeps around to the northeast, curving perhaps a mile away to join the western shoreline that curves in to meet it.

"We had drawn the boat well up on the small sandy shore of the cove, the barriers of rocks rising on all three sides around us. Small trees and brush hid the boat from overhead should anyone have been looking from the air. We had our snack and a thermos of tea and were talking about getting home, as it would be dark by the time we landed, when we felt the air vibrate. My first thought was blasting, as it was like a mine blast that pushes the air. My next thought was that it couldn't be, as we were too far away. Something — I don't know what — made me climb up, maybe 10 feet, to look over the Bay.

"Looking through a cleft in the rock I could see a large shiny object resting on the water in the curve of the far shoreline, not a quarter of a mile away across the top end of the narrows. I made a dive back to where my wife was — she took one look at me and said, 'What's wrong?' I tried to be calm and told her of what I had seen. We both climbed back up and looked out through the opening. It was still there. It looked like two saucers stuck together, one upside down on top of the other. Round, black-edged ports appeared to be

about four feet apart around the edge. As the bottom was resting on the water or close to it, it was impossible for us to see the under side.

"The top had what looked like hatch covers open and moving around over its surface were about 10 queer-looking little figures. Rotating slowly from a central position and about eight feet in the air was a hoop-shaped object. As it rotated to a point directly opposite us it stopped — so did the figures. Everything seemed to concentrate on the opening we looked through. We instinctively ducked at that moment. Looking over my right shoulder to see how fast we could get down, I caught a movement in the bushes. Beyond us, on the upward side of the cove, a deer came out to the water's edge and stood there. We took another peek. Figures and circle were pointed at the deer. As the circle began to move to the left we ducked, counted 20 and peeked again. The thing was circling and the figures moving and every time it passed the deer it kept on as if they were quite happy about it — then we ducked. We believe to this day that we were shielded from the ray or whatever it was by the wall of rock we ducked behind.

"We could then see that the whole thing seemed to be operated from a central point below the circling ray, by a figure on a small stand. This figure had a red skull cap on — or maybe paint. All the other caps were dark blue. These figures I estimated to be roughly 3 feet 6 inches to 4 feet high and all were the same size. All were dressed the same, with a shiny metallic substance over the chest, while the legs and arms were of a darker material. It was impossible to see their faces — if they had any — it looked like blank surface to me.

"The most noticeable thing was that they moved like automatons, and did not turn around — that is right around — they just changed the direction of their feet. Walking on the angle of the surface the leg on the high side seemed to go shorter so that they did not walk with a limp. I watched one of these figures pick up the end of a hose (a very vivid green), lift it while facing one way, and start off to walk the other. During all this a very quiet "hum" filled the air and they seemed to be drawing in water and discharging just as much. Whether they were extracting something from the water I can't say.

"The next time we looked everything had disappeared from the surface of the machine and it was about eight feet in the air. A red-and-blue tinged-with-gold color shone on the surface of the water. At this point it looked to be about 15 feet thick at the center and about 12 feet at the edges. It tilted to about a 45° angle; there was a rush of wind (like the wind before a storm), a flash of yellow, red-blue

and it was gone, heading northward faster than the eye could follow.

"It was almost dark but I turned the boat into the Bay, passing near where the object had been — I had lined up two trees to give me some idea of its diameter. I estimated this to be 48 feet.

"I've been back twice since and the last time as I came out through the narrows I felt the wind (like the wind before a storm) again, and something flashed beyond the trees. We didn't see what it was and my wife said, 'Let's go home and never come back here again.'

"I had no intention of doing that and on the way home the flying saucer kept coming into my mind.

"After thinking it over for a day or two, I decided to take a friend into my confidence. He agreed to go with me and look the place over. We did this under the pretext of fishing and I pointed out the bay, the cove, the cleft in the rock and even the paper cups we had used for our tea.

"We each had a camera and our idea was to take pictures. This was not as easy as we thought, as it meant dashing from work, when we could get away, to Camp 5, loading up the boat and going to Sawbill Bay. That made it late by the time we got there. After three evenings of lying peering through the cleft in the rock we decided to quietly row along the shore.

"I'd say I rowed that boat 100 miles in the next few weeks. At first the slightest breeze made us jump and reach for a camera but in the finish it was just hard work. By this time we had given up all idea of sneaking up on anything. Our idea was to cut across the mouth of the Bay with the outboard going and take a chance on seeing the 'Saucer'.

"A fairly strong wind was blowing out of the Bay — from the north — making the water quite choppy across the narrows and I suppose this was part of the reason why we weren't heard sooner.

"It all happened in split seconds. There was the 'Saucer', in the same spot. I swung the boat into the wind, my friend made a dive for his camera and I for mine, while trying to hold the boat into the wind. My hand was so stiff from the cold and from holding the steering control that I couldn't manage the camera. My friend was trying to stand up while the boat bobbed up and down. The result was neither of us even had a chance at a picture. All my friend could keep repeating was, 'By George, at least I've seen it!'

"They must have heard us just before we came in sight. At the second I spotted it figures were disappearing into hatches. The circular affair that rotated had disappeared, the hose, reeling in, was just a flash of green. There was a terrific high pitched whiz, almost a blast, and it was gone. One little

figure that had been near the water's edge on the thing, and I imagine by the end of the hose, was only about half way back when it took off. Our impression was that something fell off when it was half way down the Bay.

"Our motor had conked out and after we did get it going, it ran hot and we had to come home at slow speed. We were late getting in. Both our wives were upset, so that since then we've given it up — for this year at least."

*Editor Eyton then added this:*

*"Some months ago a Steep Rock fisherman, who goes up to the flood waters to Sawbill Lake quite frequently, mentioned casually to the editor a couple of things which at the time seemed not particularly important. However, in view of the Flying Saucer account, they might be worth passing on.*

*"He said that one night, returning home during the flood waters in the dusk, he saw what he thought was a meteorite streak down in the direction of Sawbill Bay and disappear. He also remarked upon the queer fluorescent, greenish color in one of the inlets in upper Sawbill Bay where he was fishing one afternoon. He wondered if the coloration was due to some particular mineral in the vicinity. He said he couldn't catch any fish there at all, though they were biting everywhere else in the lake.*

*"Another frequenter of the same flood waters wrote as follows: 'When I was leaving Sawbill Bay in the dusk one evening, I heard a sound like the noise a flock of ducks make, and at the same time what I thought was a shooting star flash across the Bay.' He goes on to say that a week later, while fishing in one of the coves, he noticed the water had a curious greenish tinge, and he was mystified to find a number of dead fish floating around in the water."*

## BAD LUCK OPERA

CERTAIN works of music seem to bring bad luck to their performers. One of Jacques Halevy's operas, *Charles IV*, has become so feared by singers that it has practically disappeared from European repertoires. Eugene Massol, a French tenor, sang the title role three nights in a row and at each performance a person in the audience suddenly died. In 1858 Napoleon II expressed a desire to see the work and Massol finally agreed to sing the role again. On the evening of the performance, with the Emperor in attendance, a bomb exploded in the auditorium killing several people. Again the opera had been an omen for bad luck. — *Paul Steiner*

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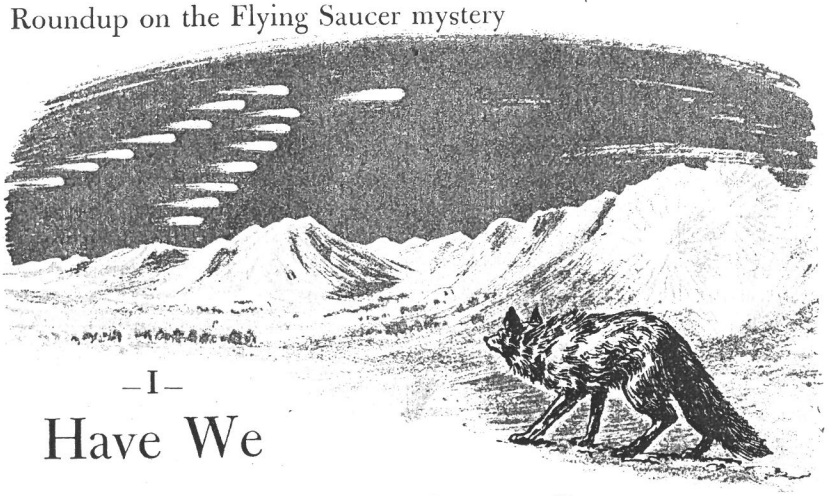
"Seymour, don't pick that up. You don't know where it's been."

Roundup on the Flying Saucer mystery



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# Have We Visitors from Space?

*Condensed from Life*

*H. B. Darrach, Jr., and Robert Ginna*

ON JUNE 24, 1947, Kenneth Arnold, a private pilot flying from Chehalis to Yakima, Wash., saw nine "saucerlike things, flying like geese in a diagonal chainlike line," approaching Mount Rainier. They swerved in and out of the high peaks at a speed Arnold estimated to be 1200 m.p.h.

Arnold's story flashed across the country and within a month flying disks had been reported by people in 40 states. For the public the saucers provided the biggest game of hey-diddle-diddle in history. Any man, woman or child with talent enough to see spots before his eyes could get his name in a newspaper.

Buried in the heap of hysterical reports, however, were some sobering cases. There was the inexplicable experience of Lt. George F. Gorman of the North Dakota Air National Guard. On October 1, 1948, Gorman was coming in at dusk to land his F-51 at Fargo when he saw an intense, bright light pass 1000 yards away. Curious, Gorman took after it. For 27 hair-raising minutes he pursued the light through a series of intricate maneuvers until it flashed away into the upper air. He said it was about six inches in diameter and going faster than his F-51 (300–400 m.p.h.). It made no sound and left no exhaust trail. After Gorman landed, he found support for his story — the chief of the control tower had followed the fantastic "combat" with binoculars.

*Life (April 7, '52), copyright 1952 by Time Inc., Time & Life Bldg., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.*

As saucer reports continued to come in at a rate of about one a day, officers of the U. S. Air Force began to show concern. "The higher you go in the Air Force," conceded one Intelligence officer, "the more seriously they take the flying saucers."

Air Force Intelligence maintains constant investigation and study of unidentified aerial objects; military aircraft are alerted to attempt interception; radar and photographic equipment are used in an effort to obtain factual data. Their records show that the years since 1947 have produced literally dozens of incidents defying simple explanation. Here are five cases which provoke incredible questions.

At 9:10 p.m. on August 25, 1951, Dr. W. I. Robinson, professor of geology at Texas Technological College, was chatting in his back yard in Lubbock, Texas, with two colleagues; Dr. A. G. Oberg, professor of chemical engineering, and Professor W. L. Ducker, head of the petroleum engineering department. Suddenly all three men saw a number of lights race noiselessly across the sky, from horizon to horizon, in a few seconds. They gave the impression of about 30 luminous beads, arranged in a crescent shape. A few moments later a similar formation flashed across the night. A check the next day with the Air Force showed that no planes had been over the area at the time.

Between August and November of last year Professor Ducker observed 12 flights of the luminous objects. Some of his colleagues and hundreds of nonscientific observers in a wide vicinity around Lubbock saw as many as three flights in one night. On the night of August 30, 18-year-old Carl Hart, Jr., managed to get five photographic exposures of the flights. His pictures show 18 to 20 luminous objects arranged in one or a pair of crescents. In some photographs, off to one side of the main flight, a larger luminosity is visible — like a mother craft hovering near its aerial brood.

The Air Force has found nothing fraudulent about Hart's pictures. The lights are much too bright to be reflections, and therefore must be bodies containing sources of light. Professors Ducker, Oberg and Robinson agree, along with other scientists, that to explain the silence of the objects, it must be assumed they were at least 50,000 feet in the air and going 18,000 m.p.h.

One night in the summer of 1948 Clyde W. Tombaugh, discoverer of the planet Pluto, was sitting in the yard of his home at Las Cruces, N. M., with his wife and mother-in-law. All at once something rushed silently overhead, south to north, too fast for a plane, too slow for a meteor. All three witnesses agreed that it was a solid "ship" of a kind they had never seen before. An oval shape, it "trailed off at the rear into a shapeless luminescence." There was a blue-green glow about the whole thing. About half a dozen "windows" were clearly visible at the front of the ship and along the side.

This object bore a resemblance to a "long rocketlike ship" with double rows of windows reported by two Eastern Air Line pilots, Capt. Clarence S. Chiles and Co-pilot John B. Whitted, in July 1948. It bore resemblance to no known aircraft.

On May 29, 1951, at 3:48 p.m., three technical writers for the aerophysics department of North American Aviation's plant near Los Angeles were chatting on the factory grounds. They were Victor Black, Werner Eichler and Ed J. Sullivan. Sullivan describes what they saw: "Approximately 30 glowing meteorlike objects sprayed out of the east at a point about 45° above the horizon, executed a right-angle turn and swept across the sky in an undulating vertical formation that resembled a tuning fork on edge. It took them about 25 seconds to cross 90° of the horizon before performing another right-angle turn westward. We estimated their diameter at 30 feet and their speed at 1700 m.p.h. They appeared as round, intense blue lights, and moved with the motion of flat stones skipping across a smooth pond."

No known natural or optical phenomenon makes the peculiar light, in bright day, attributed to these objects; nor can any natural object, hurtling at such speed, execute a right-angle turn.

On January 20, 1951, at 8:30 p.m., Capt. Lawrence W. Vinther of Mid-Continent Airlines was ordered by the control tower at the Sioux City, Iowa, airport to investigate a "very bright light" above the field. He took off in a DC-3 with his co-pilot, James F. Bachmeier, and followed the light. All at once the light dived at the DC-3 almost head-on; it passed silently and at great speed about 200 feet above its nose. Both pilots wrenched their heads back to see where it had gone, only to discover that the thing had somehow reversed direction in a split second and was now flying parallel to the airliner, about 200 feet away. It was a clear moonlight night and both men got a good look at the object. It was as big as or bigger than a B-29, had a cigar-shaped fuselage and a glider-type wing, set well forward, without sweepback and without engine nacelles or jet pods. There was no exhaust glow. The white light appeared to be recessed in the bottom of the plane. After a few seconds the object lost altitude, passed under the DC-3 and disappeared.

One fact alone — the astonishing reversal of direction performed by the object — suffices to classify it as a device far beyond the known capacities of aeronautical science.

On the night of November 2, 1951, a ball of kelly-green fire, blazing more brightly than the moon, flashed eastward across the skies of Arizona. It raced, straight as a bullet, parallel to the ground, and then exploded in a frightful paroxysm of light — without making a sound. At least 165 people saw the incredible thing. Hundreds more have witnessed similar flights of countless other fireballs that since December

1948 have bathed the hills of the Southwest in their glare.

The belief that a strange meteor shower was under way has been blasted by Dr. Lincoln La Paz, director of the Institute of Meteoritics at the University of New Mexico. He points out that normal fireballs do not appear green, that they fall in the trajectory forced on them by gravity, are generally as noisy as a freight train and leave meteorites where they hit. The green southwestern species does none of these things.

When asked to indicate the approximate color of the fireballs on a spectrum chart, most witnesses have touched the band at 5200 angstroms — close to the green of burning copper. Copper is almost never found in meteorites. However, a curious fact has been recorded by aerologists. Concentrations of copper particles are now present in the air of Arizona and New Mexico, particularly in "fireball areas." These were not encountered in air samples made before 1948.

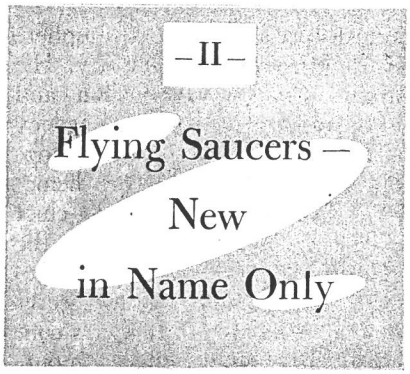
What these flying saucers, luminous fuselages, green fireballs are may be adduced partially by reviewing what they are *not*. They are not psychological phenomena. To doubt the observers in the foregoing cases is to doubt the ability of every human being to know a hawk from a handsaw. They are not products of U. S. research. U. S. science has no source of power that could put a flying machine through such paces as the saucers perform. Neither are they distortions of the atmosphere resulting from atomic activity. The Atomic Energy Commission and every other Government agency connected with weapons development deny responsibility for them.

Dr. Walther Riedel, once chief designer and research director at the German rocket center in Peenemünde and now engaged on secret work for the United States, is convinced that the saucers have an out-of-world basis. Dr. Riedel points out that "the skin friction of the missile at those speeds at those altitudes would melt any metals or nonmetals available."

Dr. Maurice A. Biot, leading aerodynamicist, says the saucer shape makes very little sense if the machine is to travel in the atmosphere. A disk has a high drag and "wobbles" when whirled at high speed through the air. However, for space travel, where there is no atmosphere to oppose, the disk has significant advantages. "The least improbable explanation is that these things are artificial and controlled," Dr. Biot concluded. "My opinion is that they have an extraterrestrial origin."

Why do these things make no sound? What power urges them at such terrible speeds through the sky? Who, or what, is aboard? Where do they come from? Why are they here?

Before these awesome questions, science — and mankind — can yet only halt in wonder. Answers may come in a generation — or tomorrow.




*By James R. Aswell*

DECADES BEFORE 1947, when people started reporting "saucers," there were epidemics of seeing swift lights and fire-rimmed objects in the sky. The name saucer hadn't been invented, but change the date, and reports from the past sound strangely similar to modern tales of spinning disks and green fireballs flashing through the heavens.

American Naval Lt. Frank Schofield would have found many of our modern saucer stories perfectly familiar. "From the USS *Supply* at sea" he reported the affair of the three meteors sighted at 6:10 a.m., February 28, 1904. "The leading meteor, which had an area of about six suns, was egg-shaped. The smaller two seemed round. They appeared to be traveling in echelon, and so continued as long as in sight. The near approach of the meteors to the surface and the subsequent flight away from the surface appear to be most remarkable."

Astronomer E. Walter Maunder described in *Observatory* magazine the "strange celestial visitor" viewed by thousands of Britons on the night of November 17, 1882. At the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, Maunder was watching an aurora die after a violent magnetic storm. Suddenly "a great circular disk of greenish light appeared in the E.N.E." Smoothly it moved from horizon to horizon, taking about two minutes in transit. Its round initial appearance was probably due to foreshortening, Maunder said, for "when it crossed the meridian and passed just above the moon, its form was that almost of an elongated ellipse. Various observers spoke of it as 'cigar-shaped,' 'like a torpedo,' or a 'spindle' or 'shuttle.' "

Its height was estimated as 133 miles, its speed as ten miles per second, "much slower than the average of bolides." (Bolides are giant meteoric chunks of stone or nickel-iron whose speeds have been clocked as high as 50 miles per second.)

In April 1897, U. S. newspapers from coast to coast gave front-page space to a huge, cigar-shaped "airship" supposed to be cruising around Chicago. Late in March dispatches from the West had described a "cigar-shaped object, with no motive power, certainly not steam," first reported near Sacramento, then Denver. On March 29, according to the New York *Herald*, it was seen "by a majority of the residents of Omaha. It was in the shape of a

bright light, too big for a balloon." The New York *Sun* stated that Kansas City trolley cars stopped "and soon the whole population was watching it from the street and rooftops. The light was as great as that produced by 20 stars."

Stories poured in to the Chicago *Tribune*. "Reputable citizens (of Eldora, Iowa) say they observed the gigantic airship. One man said it resembled an immense bird of polished silver." In Milwaukee "thousands of people saw it. The machine floated over the city until it reached directly over the City Hall, where it stopped for a quarter of an hour." Witnesses said that the light was suspended from "a large, dark, oval-shaped body."

Just before nightfall on March 22, 1870, as the British barque *Lady of the Lake* was spanking along in mid-Atlantic a few degrees above the equator, Capt. Frederick Banner and the crew observed a curious cloud — rigid, light-gray, circular in form, transparent but distinctly defined. It came up obliquely against the wind, turned at a right angle into the teeth of the wind, and "finally settled down right in the wind's eye" before it was lost in the darkness. An extract from the ship's log, later published in the *Quarterly Journal of the Royal Meteorological Society*, reproduced the captain's sketch. It shows a startling resemblance to the saucer drawings made in the United States in recent years.

On Sunday night, February 9, 1913, thousands of watchers were awestruck by a fiery formation which swept in a straight line from Saskatchewan, Canada, across part of the United States to Bermuda. At first, observers thought it was a giant skyrocket, but it did not fall. As it grew larger, the fiery, furnace-red body was seen as either one object with a triangular arrangement of three tails or three distinct bodies in V formation. The pace was peculiarly deliberate for a meteor. "Majestic," it took "a perfectly horizontal path to the southeast where it simply disappeared in the distance."

Then, one after the other, four or five spaced groups emerged from precisely the same point in the northwest sky. They followed exactly the path blazed through the heavens by the first. Several witnesses declared that "near the middle of the great procession was a fine, large star without a tail and that a similar body brought up the rear."

Speed was estimated at between five and ten miles per second and time of passage over any particular point as about 3.3 minutes — very slow for meteors. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* calculates the altitude at some 35 miles throughout the observed course from Canada to Bermuda. As it was later reported, "many observers compared them with a fleet of airships, with lights on either side and forward and aft; others likened them to great battleships attended by cruisers and destroyers."

One of the original saucer enthusiasts was Charles H. Fort, who died in 1932, 15 years before the term "saucer" came into use. After spending a lifetime compiling volumes of strange aerial lore, he concluded that supercreatures from somewhere else have been visiting our earth for centuries. But whether his conclusions were correct or not, stories of flying phenomena from the past indicate that "saucers" in some form or other will be with us for a long time to come.

## *In Search of a Quip*

All she got out of the evening was rum and coax (Jack Kofoed) . . . As nervous as a pedestrian going through a change of light (William T. Goodwin) . . . She put a couple of blue bullets into me with her eyes (Raymond Chandler) . . . My British car is so small I feel like I'm wearing it instead of riding in it . . . So shapely, she couldn't have fallen flat on her face if she tried (Ferguson Findley) . . . Going to the beach is like going to the attic — you are surprised at what you will find in trunks (*The Prison Mirror*)

*Overheard:* About a local politician, "He's like a swamp bullfrog — all stomach, except what's head, and that's all mouth" . . . Such a wonderful day — it makes me feel the way I wish I did (Charles W. Ferguson) . . . Man selling soil, "It's good loam and it's pasteurized — had horses on it" (*The Countryman*) . . . Weary mother's comment after her baby's first birthday party, "It was a great success — there wasn't a dry seat in the house" (Betty McCracken) . . . Doleful actor, "I can't get this check cashed — I don't know of a single place where I'm unknown!"

*Define points:* Neurotic — one who believes the world owes him a loving (Morris Bender) . . . Summer camps — those places where little boys go for mother's vacation (Jamestown, N. Y., *Post-Journal*) . . . Perfume — bottled mating call (M. E. Chaber) . . . Heckler — a guy who ribs you the wrong way (Dorothy Sarnoff, quoted by Earl Wilson)

*Radio-TV topics:* Jane Ace, "It was a case of assault and flattery" . . . Contestant improving on old proverb, "Laugh and the world laughs with you — snore and you sleep alone" ("Share the Wealth") . . . Red Skelton, "The only thing that kept me from going to college was high school" (quoted by Jack Shafer)

In a forward area in Korea, an artillery outfit posted this sign, "Brassiere Fire Direction Center — We Support the Whole Front" . . . As training exercises for NATO's top brass got under way, officers nicknamed it, "Operation Venus de Milo — no arms but plenty of SHAPE."

What have you read or heard lately that deserves a wider audience? To the first contributor of each item used in this department a payment of $10 will be made upon publication. *The source must be given.*

Address Quips Editor, The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, New York.

"Mommy says you saw a flying saucer."

In October, 1908, the gales of the last few days were abating and the fishermen of Prince Edward Island once more were setting their nets in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. They noticed a large box floating on the still angry waves. It must be very heavy, they thought, for it lay deep in the water. It must have been in the water for a long, long time, too, for it was encrusted with sea mollusks and hung with waving green weeds and barnacles.

After strenuous efforts the box was anchored safely on the shore. The men worked for hours chipping off the thick crust of shells so that it could be opened. Only then did the fishermen disappointedly discover that they had found a coffin containing the well-preserved body of a middle-aged man. A silver plate gave his name as Charles Coghlan, his profession as actor, his birthplace as their own village.

The name of Coghlan was still remembered on Prince Edward Island and the great actor was reburied with respect near the church where he had been baptized. He had come home to the place he had loved so well in his youth.

The waves of the sea had fulfilled the prediction of a gypsy fortune teller.

Tate June 52

## EXPLOSIONS FROM SOMEWHERE

MYSTERIOUS blasts jolted Los Angeles and San Diego last January 4 and authorities have been at a loss to explain them. One of the blasts was too strong to register on a San Diego seismograph. The first blast came at 3:33 a.m. in the Los Angeles International Airport area. The second was reported in San Diego's Mission Hills area at 8:30 p.m., followed by a third a half hour later at Point Loma and a fourth two hours later in the Chula Vista area. Police said there was nothing to indicate that an explosion had been set off. Scientists were inclined to attribute the blasts to meteors although none had been reported in the area. In Northern California on the same day, however, a glowing cigar-shaped object was reported flying over Del Monte about 1,000 feet off the ground. It apparently dropped into the Fort Ord military reservation but officials at Ford Ord had no knowledge of the object — they said. Deputy Sheriffs Al Bollman and James Matney, who saw the objects while on patrol, checked Monterey Airport to learn if a plane were in trouble. They were told that a United Air Lines pilot had just reported to the control tower that he too had seen the unknown object. The object was observed by scores of people in a period confined to an hour. The blasts and the object may have been unrelated.

## SHEEP 10,000 YEARS OLD

SWISS lake dwellers who lived about 8000 B.C. shared their huts with domesticated sheep archeologists have recently discovered.

the night of the 15th. He was sure of the date as he had noted it in his logbook after nearly running aground.

The mystery was heightened by the fact that everything in the place was in shipshape order. The beds were made, the kitchen utensils spotless, the lamp trimmed and ready for lighting.

Moore suggested a possible explanation. He noticed that the gale had damaged one of the landing stages. This, plus the fact that the oilskins and seaboots of two of the men, Marshall and Ducat, were missing, led him to believe that they may have ventured down to the landing stage during the storm to secure some equipment, and been washed away by the sea.

This was plausible so far as it went but it did not account for the disappearance of McArthur, the third man. He might, of course, have gone to assist his comrades without putting on his own oilskins.

One newspaper feature writer suggested that the men had been devoured by some sea monster. He painted a lurid picture of the creature as a sort of giant octopus. Then followed a theory that the island was haunted and that a ghost had driven the men to jump off the cliff.

The "Seven Hunters Mystery" remains unsolved. Neither the men nor their bodies were found. The truth may be stranger than the wildest theory conceived — or it may be only a simple tragedy of the sea.

## NOW IT'S FLYING TEACUPS

TEACUPS and plates have taken to behaving in a most unusual manner at the Elizabethan Cafe in Ipswich, England, according to the London *Daily Herald*. One recent Monday six cups and one plate hurtled through the air and smashed to bits on the floor. The next day two cups "blew up" and another flew off a shelf. Wednesday was fairly quiet with only a teapot throwing itself to the floor, and on Thursday a cup fell.

The New York *Times* reports that when the strange occurrences began Mrs. Grace Ramsy, cook at the cafe, called a policeman. A crash occurred while he was there and then he and Mrs. Ramsey saw a cup come rolling down the stairs. The officer couldn't do much about it except make a report. "It's a poltergeist," one newspaperman said confidently, assuming that once it was named, that explained everything.

among the readers — where I expect to stay as an admirer of FATE magazine.

*Lonzo Dove*

Broadway, Va.

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In regard to the recent article, "I Photographed Space Ships", I noticed one flagrant error. It pertains to the moon sequence photographs.

In the third of this series is an unfamiliar object and also a dark area that the author calls its shadow. This object could not possibly cast a shadow on the moon; certainly not immediately below the object.

The position of the sun in this photo can be determined by drawing a line along the path where the sun light on the moon meets the dark area, along the twilight zone. Another line drawn perpendicular to the first now points in the direction of the sun. With respect to the author's photo the sun is down beyond the lower right corner of the photo. Therefore the shadows of the unfamiliar object and the moon are projected toward the upper left corner, away from the sun.

The situation can be compared with an airplane flying over the earth at twilight. Its shadow then cannot be projected on the earth at all and certainly not at a point almost directly below it.

I have no idea what the dark area is, but it cannot be the shadow of this object, as the author states.

*Richard McMahon*

Huron, S. D.

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*Professor Adamski's reply:*

*"I reaffirm that the pictures are absolutely genuine. Not one of them was touched up or faked, as one writer stated they may have been.* FATE *has a notarized affidavit as to the authenticity of the pictures from the photographer who developed the film.*

*"Any person of intelligence must consider the kind of paper that* FATE *is printed on. A photograph reproduced on such paper will lose many of its markings or details. In reference to the shadow on the moon, I am not myself too well versed in this particular line of shadow casting, but my article merely pointed out that the shadow was not my own idea but was, in fact, pointed out by military men who are experts in reading aerial photographs.*

*"Since the publication of the article in* FATE, *I have had further confirmation through triangulation, relative to the positions of the earth, moon and the sun. It seems that more reflection was cast upon this particular ship by the earth than by the sun. As stated in the article, the ship would reflect a greater intensity of light than the moon would itself. And triangulation indicates that the shadow seems to be coming from the reflec-*

(*Continued on page 122*)

# The Flying Tube

ONE night in October, 1817, Edmond Lenthal Swifte, Keeper of the Crown Jewels, together with his wife, their son, and Mrs. Swifte's sister, were having dinner in the sitting room of the recently renovated Jewel House in the Tower of London.

All doors were closed and the dark heavy curtains were drawn. The only light in the room came from two tall wax candles on the table. Mr. Swifte sat at one end and Mrs. Swifte faced the chimney piece. Her sister sat opposite her. Mrs. Swifte was about to take a sip from her glass just as midnight struck, when she chanced to look up. Suddenly they heard her cry out, "Good Heavens! What is that?"

Mr. Swifte followed her stunned gaze. A cylindrical object resembling a glass tube was hovering in mid-air between table and ceiling. It was about as thick as a human arm and contained what resembled a thickish fluid, part of which was white and part light-blue. The thing revolved for a few minutes, then began to move very slowly and deliberately. It paused momentarily, then slowly, it stationed itself immediately above Mrs. Swifte's right shoulder. They stared at it in fascination.

With sudden swiftness it seized the screaming woman. Mr. Swifte managed to pick up a chair and swing it around his head, aiming a terrific blow at the mysterious object. But the chair passed right through the thing and struck the wall. What happened next was not clear. All they knew was that the mysterious object had vanished as strangely as it had appeared.

Only Mr. and Mrs. Swifte saw it. The other two persons saw absolutely nothing. Mr. Swifte was in no sense a spiritualist and he disclaimed any psychic attributes. This incident was the only uncanny experience during his long term of office in the Tower of London. — PAULINE SALTZMAN.

## COINCIDENCE?

IN Hartville, O., 79-year-old Mrs. Elsie Grubb Kinsley died at exactly 2:30 a.m. one morning. At the same instant, Mrs. Kinsley's sister, Mrs. Ida Wymer, died in Detroit.